Prowd Protector, enuy in thine eies I see,
The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dare presume gainst that thy soueraigne likes.
Hum. Nay my Lord, tis not my words that troubles you,
But my presence, prowd Prelate as thou art:
But ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to speake,
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophecied France would be lost ere long.

Exit Duke Humphrey.

Card. There goes our protector in a rage,
My lords, you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
For well you see, if he but walke the streetes,
The common people swarme about him straight,
Crying, Iesus blesse your royall excellence,
With, God preserue the good Duke Humphrey.
And many things besides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey,
But I will after him, and if I can,
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his seate.

Exit Cardinal.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,
Cosen of Somerset, be rulde by me,
Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.
Som. Thanks cosin Buckingham, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke,
Weele quickly heaue Duke Humphrey from his seate.
Buck. Content, come let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

Exit Buckingham and Somerset.

Salsb. Pride went before, Ambition followes after,
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,
My Lords, let vs seeke for our countries good,
Oft haue I heard this haughtie Cardinal
Sweare, and forsweare himselfe, and braue it out,

More

3 dares— 28 come then lets—
Penult. Oft haue I seen this—